

ANCIENT POETICAL TRACTS.

ANCIENT
POETICAL TRACTS

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,

REPRINTED FROM UNIQUE COPIES FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION
OF THE LATE THOMAS CALDECOTT, ESQ.

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, ESQ. F.S.A.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE five unique tracts reprinted in the following pages have escaped the notice of Ritson, Dr. Dibdin, and all who have written upon the subject of our early bibliography. The originals were formerly in the possession of the late Thomas Caldecott, Esq. whose matchless collection of early English poetry was well known to the lovers of this species of literature. Sir George H. Freeling was favoured by the loan of them when in that gentleman's possession, and from his accurate transcripts the present reprints have been made.

John Butler, the printer of the "Doctrinall of good Servauntes," is stated, upon the authority of Ames, to have been a judge of the Common pleas as well as a printer. "The only book we have yet found with his name," says Dr. Dibdin, (*Typographical Antiquities* iii. 173), is the following: "Parvulorum Institutio ex Stanbrigiana Collectione," 4to. We are now enabled to add the names of two books to the Doctor's list, for besides the "Doctrinall of good Servauntes," Butler

printed the "Conuercyon of Swerers" by Stephen Hawes, a copy of which was also in the possession of Mr. Caldecott.

It is conjectured, from his using the same device, that Butler was the master of Robert Wyer, one of the most industrious typographers of the sixteenth century, and the printer of the "Complaynt of a dolorous Louer," which forms the fourth tract of the present volume.

The "Boke of Mayd Emlyn" and the "New Nutbrowne Mayd" are from the press of John Skot, or Scott, as he frequently spells his name. They were reprinted in 1820 by the late George Isted, Esq. for the members of the Roxburgh Club. A copy of the reprint in the British Museum has the date 1515 written on each tract, but this is unsupported by any authority. Skot's publications extend from 1521 to 1537, the first-named year being that of his earliest *dated* publication, but it is not unlikely that the tracts in question may have been printed a few years earlier.

The story of "Mayd Emlyn" is probably more ancient than the date of the tract, and bears some slight resemblance to Chaucer's "Wife of Bath." The woodcut on the title-page had been previously used by Pynson in "The Shyp of Folyes" printed in 1509, for which work it appears to have been

originally intended. The "New Nutbrowne Mayd" is a moralization of the beautiful old ballad of the Nut-Brown Maid, which was introduced to popular notice in the last century by Prior, and was edited in 1760 by Capell in his "Prelusions." The only work in which the ballad has yet been discovered is Arnold's "Chronicle," supposed to have been printed about 1502.

The "New Nutbrowne Mayd" is an extremely close parody upon the original, and exhibits one of the most curious specimens of a practice very common in the sixteenth century, that of turning popular songs into pious ballads. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the two last-mentioned tracts were unknown, until reprinted by the Roxburgh Club.

The fourth tract, the "Complaynt of a Dolorous Louer," is indeed a sorry specimen of poetry, and its extreme rarity is the only excuse we can make for including it in the present selection. The same may almost be said of "Loue's Leprosie." It is the production of Thomas Powell, a Welsh poet, the author of the "Passionate Poet, with a description of the Thracian Ismarus:" *Printed by Valentine Simmes, 1601*; and of a prose tract interspersed with poetry, entitled "A Welch Bayte to spare Provender; or, a looking backe vpon the Times

past:" *Printed by Valentine Simmes, 1603.* As a poet, Powell deals much more in new words than new thoughts, and there is a laboured constraint in his writing which not unfrequently involves his meaning in obscurity.

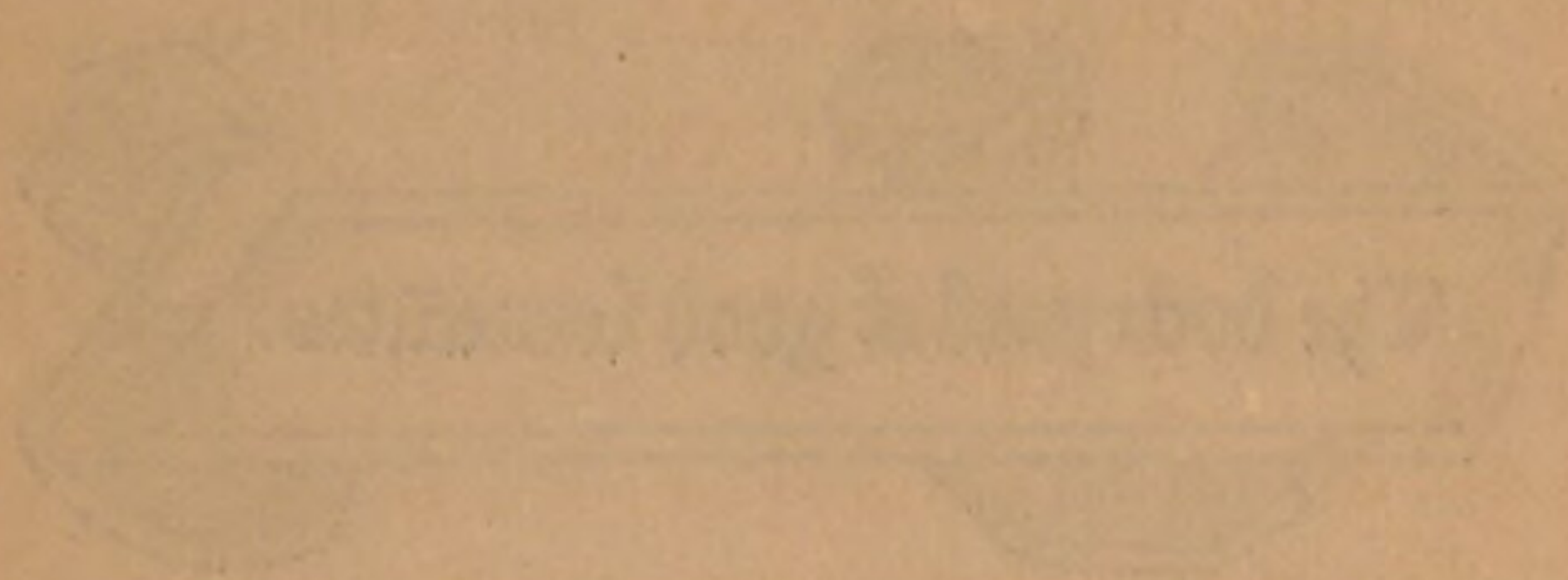
A person of the same name also wrote an entertaining tract entitled, "Wheresoever you see me, trust unto your self, or the Myserie of Lending and Borrowing," 1623, besides several others of the same kind; but whether he can be identified as the author of the poetical tracts of the preceding century is a matter of question.

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The doctrynall of good seruantes.





THE DOCTRYNALL OF GOOD SERVAUNTES.

ALL ye seruantes that good intende to be,
Beholde in this treatyse here present,
In the whyche wryten ye shall se
Ryght good doctrynes playne and euydent.

Thou that seruest the spyrytualyte,
Behaue thyselfe to them obedyent ;
Not for them, but for theyr degre,
Syth they consecrate our God omnipotent.

Thou that them seruest at the autere,
Entende to them with all thy dylygence,
Be of thy mynde peasyble and entere,
That thou be worthy in thy Lordes presence.

Thou seruant seruyng ony prelate,
The whyche is set in dygnyte,
For theyr subiectes be good aduocate,
Supportynge them in good equitye.

Ye seruauntes in grete company,
In any lordes hous or mansyon,
Yf ye be yonge, se ye obey
To your elders, for it is reason.

A seruante ought to loue his lorde
With all his herte, and not to fayne ;
Yf he do the proffyte in dede and worde,
Do that thou it deserue agayne.

Seruauntes ought to be honourable,
Of theyr bodyes specyally,
To all men seruysable,
And to ete and drynke ay sobrelly.

Seruauntes ought not to swere in vayne,
The name of God in no maner,
Nor of his sayntes, beware that trayne,
For it standeth in grete daungere.

Ye seruauntes not seruyng at table,
In takynge of your nuryture,
Speke lytell and be agreable,
So that ye fauour may procure.

Euery man they ought to please,
And them obey with lowe intencion ;
In lytell medlynge is grete ease,
Fle dysceyte, gyle, and decepcyon.

A seruaunte ought not for to brynge
No newe tydynges vnto theyr lorde,
Without they be nere hym touchynge,
For therof cometh grete dyscorde.

Seruauntes ought to aduertise,
To say euer trouthe and veryte,
Blame no man in ony wyse,
Behaue the after thy degre.

Seruauntes that go on message
Of theyr mayster to ony place,
Thinke well that it is grete outrage
To countrefet thy seale in ony case.

Seruauntes ought after theyr pleasaunce,
For to be clenly of theyr bodyes,
Humble of loke and countenaunce,
Behauynge them to all degrees.

A seruaunt ought with dylygence,
To euery man to do honoure,
And to his mayster with reuerence
Enclyne hymselfe at euery houre.

A seruaunt ought euer for to fle
All places that are of euyll name,
As tauernes and houses of baudry,
Whiche bryngeth many a man to shame.

Who that wyll serue in loyalte
Marchauntes, preestes, or gentylmen,
To them dylygent must euer be,
And on euery hande haue fyngers ten.

Thou seruaunt that herest thy felawes blame,
And that he is not theyr present,
Blame hym for gyuyng his yll name,
Supportyng hym that is absent.

Ye seruauntes in ony wyse
Haue taken charge of besynes,
Erly in the mornynge se ye ryse,
Your werke and laboure to redresse.

Ye that are seruauntes in noblesse,
In kynges courte and other where,
Gyue euer honour to gentylnesse,
And your souerayne lorde loue and fere.

Ye seruauntes that in courte remayne,
Whiche here ony falshode or subtylte,
Holde your tonge and not complayne,
But yf it touche the mageste.

Seruauntes in courte that haue governaunce
Of the comenty in ony wyse,
Ought not so ferre them to auaunce,
Leest theyr mayster them dyspyse.

You marchauntes seruauntes I you auyse,
And ye labourers bothe daye and nyght,
Set not your mynde on couetyse,
Auoyde falshode, or ye do not ryght.

Seruauntes ought not to ensue
Theyr owne wyll nor volunte,
But to theyr mayster to be true,
Doynge his wyll with humelyte.

Seruauntes that are good and true,
Ought faythfully to bye and sell;
Fraude and falshode must they eschue,
Elles are they theues, and go to hell.

Ye marchauntes seruauntes, that go by the waye
To bye or sell your marchaundyse,
Where ye become do truely paye,
And giue true compte in your aduyse.

And ye that serueth labourers,
Of sloathfulnes se ye beware,
Be dylygent in all maners,
And by no meanes your body spare.

Seruauntes of chyrche or of noblesse,
Of laboure or of marchaundyse,
Thinke that trouth is worthe rychesse,
Therefore loue yt in ony wyse.

Ye seruauntes that wayte vpon the table,
Be ye honest and dylygent,
To hym that is most honourable
Afforme your maners and entent.

Couer your borde honestly,
After the custome of the countre ;
And whan they are set do you applye,
Echone to serue after his degre.

Yf ony be amonge them all
To whome your mayster wyll do honoure,
Tende ye hym as pryncypall,
Therby shall ye fall in fauoure.

Fyrst serue ye in the potage,
And than eche meet after his degre,
And be ye euer ware of outrage,
Or tatche of dyshoneste.

Ye seruauntes that at home do byde,
Whan your mayster is forth of towne,
Ye wysest sholde the other guyde,
Kepynge good rule and prouysyowne.

And ye seruauntes of euery place,
Whan that the dyner is at an ende,
Present yourselfe for to saye grace,
Thankynge that Lorde that all dooth sende.

Whan that your mayster is fro the table,
And eche thyng as it sholde be,
Take your repast that is agreable,
So ye behaue you honestly.

Yf that thou wylte thy mayster please,
Thou must haue these thre prepyetees,
For to lyue at thyne hertes ease,
Auoydyng many of aduersytees.

A hartes fete with eeres of an asse,
An hogges snowt to must thou haue,
So mayst thou please in euery case
Thy mayster, yf thou the thus behaue.

By an asse eeres this is mente,
That thou must harken hym a boutte,
And yf that he be not content,
Saye nought, but se thou hym doute.

By the hogges snowte vnderstonden is
What mete soeuer to the is brought,
Though it be somewhat a mys,
Holde thy peas and grutche nought.

As to regarde of the fete of an harte,
They sholde euer theyr mayster socoure,
Payne the for hym though that thou smerte,
To renne and go at euery houre.

Nyght nor day spare no laboure,
Rader than he sholde haue damage,
Helpe hym in welth and in doloure,
Yf ony wolde do hym outrage.

Yf thou thus truely thy mayster serue,
He wyll it perceyue within a whyle,
Than shalte thou haue that thou doost deserue,
And a good name that none dooth fyle.

But yf that thou do hym begyle,
He shall perceyue it at the laste,
Than shall thy dedes thy name dyffyle,
And out of his hous he shall the cast.

Whan that thou arte thus departed
Without his loue dyshonestely,
As a seruaunte full yll aduerted,
And other mayster must thou aspye.

Than shall they come pryuely
And aske whyder thou were yll or good ;
Yf he say yll and the bewrye,
No man will haue the, by my hood.

But yf some be in necessyte,
And can none other seruaunte fynde,
Suche peradventure wyll haue the,
But euer thou shalte fynde hym vnkynde.

But yf he be a foole or blynde,
Elles wyll he none of thy seruyce ;
Than must thou wander afore the wynde,
Therfore of this se thou be wyse.

Let pacyence abate thy maysters rygour,
And take good hede to his condycyon,
Thou shalt to hym do grete honour,
Submyttynge the to his correccyon.

And yf thy mayster make ye his secretary,
Se thou haue a sare tongue and stable ;
His counseyle se thou not bewry,
A secrete tongue is euer prouffitable.

And yf your mayster haue an vse
To swere the name of God in vayne,
His company se you refuse,
Leest ye be brought in suche a trayne.

Seruauntes auoyde the company
Of them that playe at cardes or dyse,
For yf that ye them haunte truely,
To thefte shall they you soone attyse.

Ye seruauntes that se the courage,
Of your mayster on angre set,
Yf he wyll do ony man damage,
With your myght se ye hym lette.

Ye seruauntes that ben in batayle,
Beware pyll not the comynthe,
Do not the chyrche robbe ne assayle,
Of God defended yf ye wyll be.

What ye do stele ye must restore,
Or here be hanged shamfully,
Or the hell fyre endure therfore ;
One must ye suffre of thes thre.

Ye seruauntes that ben oft angry,
Or oft dysposed for to fyght,
By dyscrecyon rule you wysely,
Hauynge the dethe ay in your syght.

Seruauntes yf that ye wyll ensue
The doctrynes and them obserue,
And serue and loue God with hertes true,
The blysse of heuen ye shall deserue.

Wherof the kynge shall you preserue,
Sendynge you rychesse and good mundayne,
Thus in this worlde can not ye sterue,
Yf that ye fro synne you refrayne.

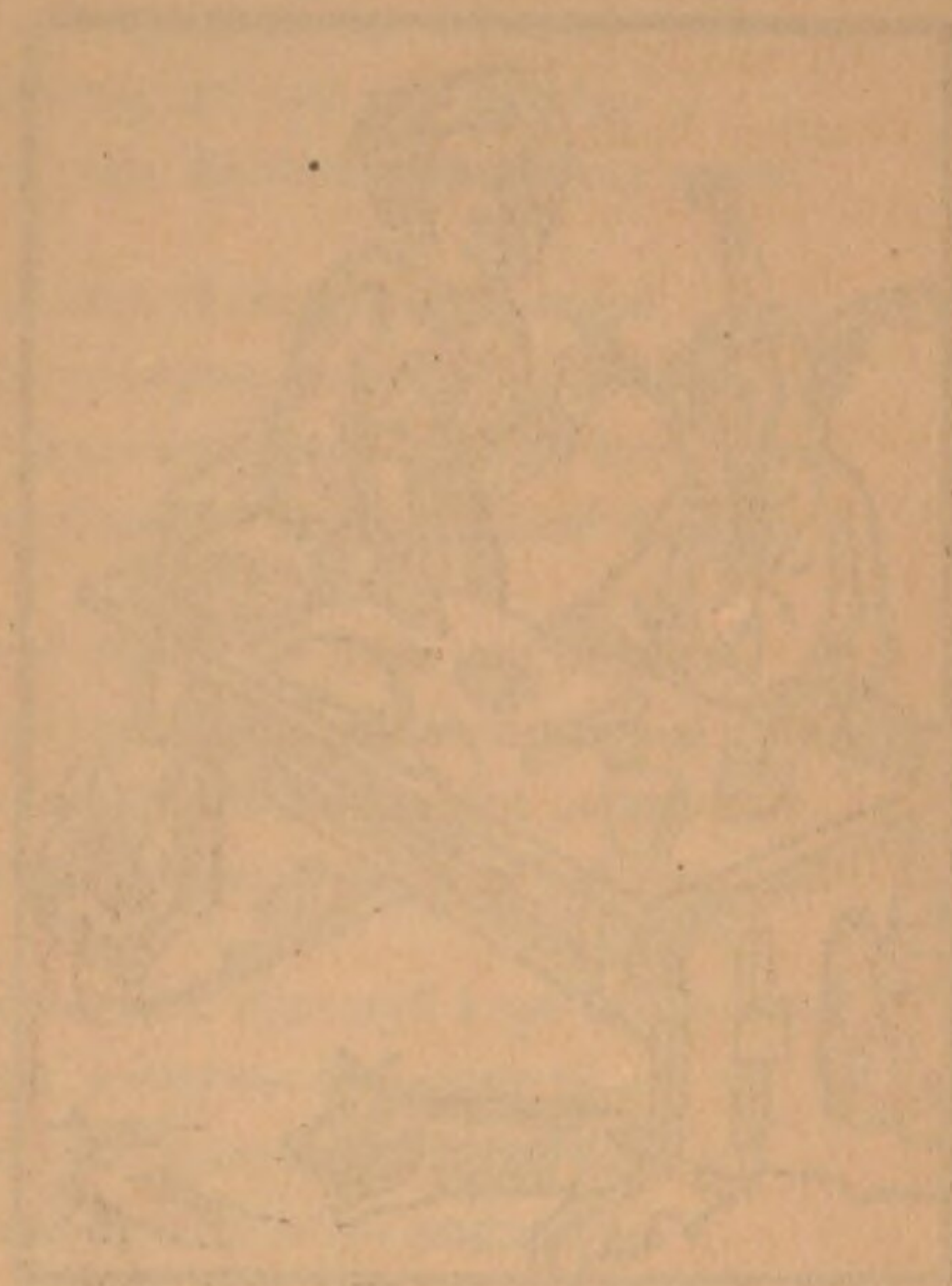
Ye seruauntes that wyll kepe in mynde,
Thes doctrynes afore specyfied,
Yf ye them folowe trust well to fynde
Some maners to be magnyfied.

Imprynted at London, in Fletestrete, at the sygne of Saynt
Johan Euangelyste, by me Johan Butler.

Here is the boke of mayd Emlyn that had
.b. Husbandes and all kockoldes; she wold
make theyr berdes whether they wold or no, and
gyue them to were a praty hoodfull of belles.



There is the same old story of the
independence of the old world
and the new world. The old world
was there before the new world.



THE BOKE OF MAYD EMLYN.

WYLL ye here of meruaylles
Drawne out of Gospelles
Of mayde Emlynne,
That had husbandes fyue,
And all dyd neuer thryue?
She coude so well spynne,
Louynge to go gaye,
And seldom for to praye,
For she was borne in synne:
Ofte wolde she seke
The tauernes in the weke,
Tyll her wytte was thynne;
Full swetely wolde she kys
With galauntes, ywys,
And say it was no synne;
Thus collynge in armes
Some men caught harmes,
Full lytell dyd they wynne;
And if her husbande said ought,
Loke what she sonest cought,
At his heed she wolde it flynge.

She wolde saye, lozell thou
I wyll teche the, I trowe,
Of thy language to blynne;
It is pyte that a knaue
A prety woman sholde haue,
That knoweth not golde from tynne.
I trowe thou jalouse be
Bytwene my cosyn and me,
That is called syr Sym;
Thoughe I go ofte thyder,
We do nought togyder,
But prycked balades synge.
And I so cunnynge be
The more worshyp is to the,
Gyuynge thanke to hym:
For he me fyrste taught,
So I may cunnynge caught,
Whan I wente a brosshynge.
With suche wordes douse,
Thys lytell prety mouse,
The yonge lusty prymme:
She coude byte and whyne
Whan she saw her tyme,
And with a prety gynne,
Gyue her husbande an horne,
To blowe with on the morne:
Beshrowe her whyte skynne!
And ofte wolde she sleke
To make smothe her cheke,
With redde roses therin;

Than wolde she mete,
With her lemman swete,
 And cutte with hym ;
Talkynge for theyr pleasure,
That cocke with the fether,
 Is gone an huntynge ;
Hymselfe all alone
To the wode he is gone
 To here the kockowe synge.
Thus with her playfere,
Maketh she mery chere,
 The husbande knoweth nothyng ;
She gyueth money plente,
Bycause newe loue is daynte,
 Unto her swetyng.
And prayeth ofte to come,
To playe there as shyneth no sonne :
 So at the nexte metynge,
She gyueth her husbande a prycke
That made hym double quycke,
 So good was the gretynge.
Kocke, called of the bone,
That neuer was mayster at home,
 But as an vnderlynge ;
His wyfe made hym so wyse,
That he wolde tourne a peny twyse,
 And than he called it a ferthyng.
Nothyng byleued he
But that he dyd with his eyes se,
 Full trewe was his meanyng ;

She cherysshed hym with brede and chese,
That his lyfe he dyd lese:

Than made she mournynge,
And dranke deuoutly for his soule,
The handbell ofte dyd she colle,
Full great sorowe makynge.

This sory widowe
But a whyle I trowe,
Mournynge dyd make;

Whan he was gone
A yonge lusty one,
She dyd than take;

Longe wolde she not tary
Lest she dyd myscary,
But full ofte spake

To haste the weddynge
And all for beddynge,
Some sporte to make;

Her herte to ease
And the flesshe to please,
Sorowes to aslake.

In it out joyenge
That wanton playenge,
For the olde husbandes sake;

Yet by your leue
A frere dyd she gyue,
Of her loue a flake;

And sayd in her ouen
At any maner of season,
That he sholde bake,

There is rome ynowe,
For other and for you,
 And space to set a cake.
The seconde husbnde Nycoll,
That pore sely soule,
 Myght not escape,
A kockolde to dye
It was his destenye,
 As man vnfortunate.
His wyfe vndeoute
Ofte wolde go aboute,
 And steppe ouer many a lake ;
Makyng bost in her mode,
That her husbnde can no more good
 Than can an vntaught ape.
Thus by her scole
Made hym a fole,
 And called hym dodypate ;
So from his thryfte
She dyd hym lyfte,
 And therof creste the date ;
She made hym sadde,
And sayd he was badde,
 Croked legged lyke a stake ;
She lyked not his face,
And sayd he mouthed was
 Moost lyke an hawke ;
This good man ease,
Was lothe to dysplese,
 But yet thought somewhat,

Thynkyng in his mynde,
That a man can fynde,
 A wyfe neuer to late ;
For of theyr properte,
Shrewes all they be,
 And style can they prate.
All women be suche
Thoughe the man bere the breche,
 They wyll be euer checkemate.
Faced lyke an aungell,
Tonged lyke a deuyll of hell,
 Great causers of debate ;
They loke full smothe,
And be false of loue,
 Venymous as a snake.
Desyrynge to be praysed,
A lofte to be raysed,
 As an hyghe estate ;
And these wanton dames
Ofte chaungeth theyr names,
 As An, Jane, Besse and Kate.
Thus thynketh he,
In his mynde pryuely,
 And nought dare saye ;
For he that is maysterfast,
Full ofte is agast,
 And dare not ronne and playe.
If she be gladde,
Than is he sadde,
 And fere of a sodayne fraye,

For woman's pryde
Is to laughe and chyde,
 Euery houre in a daye.
Whan she dothe loure,
And begynneth to snowre,
 Pyteously dothe he saye,
What do ye lacke?
Ony thyng swete herte,
 That I to you gyue maye.
She answered hym
With wordes grotchyng,
 Wysshynge her selfe in claye,
And sayth that she lackes
Many prety knackes,
 As bedes and gyrdels gaye ;
And the best sporte
That sholde me comforte,
 Whiche is a swete playe,
I can it not haue,
For so God me saue,
 Thy power is not to paye.
There is nought,
Nought may be cought,
 I can no more saye ;
Many men nowe here
Can not women chere,
 But maketh ofte delay ;
The wyfe dothe mone,
It is not at home,
 And borroweth tyll a daye,

What it is I trowe,
Well ynoughe ye knowe,
It is no nede to saye ;
Thus saye the wyues,
If theyr husbandes thryues,
That they the causers be !
They gete two wayes,
Bothe with worke and playes,
By theyr huswyuery.
With theyr swete lyppes,
And lusty hyppes,
They worke so plesauntly,
Some wyll fall anone
For they be not stronge,
They be weyke in the kne.
Be they pore or be they ryche,
I beshrewe all suche,
Amen nowe saye ye ;
They thynke it is as great almes,
As to saye the seuen psalmes,
And dothe it for charyte.
To gete gownes and furs,
These nysebeceturs,
Of men sheweth theyr pyte,
Somtyme for theyr lust,
Haue it they must,
Or seke wyll they be ;
If it do stycke
And she fele it quycke,
Full slyle dothe she

Begyn for to grone,
And wyssheth she had lyne alone.
What ayleth you than? sayth he,
She saythe, syr I am with chylde,
It is yours by Mary mylde!
And so he weneth it be.
Whan played is the playe,
Jacke the husbande must paye,
This dayly may ye se.
He was gladde ywys,
Of that that is not his,
And dothe it vp kepe;
She that dothe mocke hym,
Another mannes concubyne,
And hys chylde eke:
Lo thus dothe landes
Fall in wronge ayres handes,
The causers may well wepe;
And worse dothe happen truely,
The broder the syster dothe mary,
And in bedde togyther slepe.
To synne lyghtely wyll the chylde drawe,
That is bekoten without lawe,
Wedlocke is veray swete;
But ones for all
The daye come shall,
The crye shall be welawaye;
Of all wedlocke brekers,
Thus saythe greate prechers,
Theyr dettes shall they truely paye.

All they that dothe offende,
God graunt them to amende,
And therfore lette vs praye.
But nowe of Emlyne to speke,
And more of her to treate,
Truely for to saye,
Whan the seconde husbande was dede,
The thyrde husbande dyde she wedde,
In full goodly araye.
But as the deuyll wolde,
Or the pyes were colde,
Fell a sodayne fraye;
Moyses had a newe brother,
It wolde be none other,
And all came thorughe playe.
But mayde maydenhode myssynge,
Knoweth what longeth to kyssynge,
It is no nede to saye.
She loued well I trowe,
And gaue hym sorowe ynowe,
But ones on the daye,
With hym wolde she chyde,
He durst not loke asyde,
The bounde must euer obaye.
This man was olde
And of compleccyon colde,
Nothyng lusty to playe;
She was full ranke,
And of condycyons cranke,
And redy was alwaye;

In Venus toyes
Was all her joyes,
Seldome sayde she naye ;
At the laste she thought,
That her husbande was nought,
And purposed on a daye,
To shorten his lyfe,
And as a true wyfe
She wolde it not delaye.
To fulfyll her lust,
In a well she hym thrust,
Without any fraye ;
And made countenaunce sad
As thoughe she be sory had ;
Also in good faye,
A reed onyon wolde she kepe,
To make her eyes wepe,
In her kerchers I saye.
She was than stedfast and stronge,
And kepte her a wydowe veraye longe,
In faythe almoost two dayes ;
Bycause she made greate mone,
She wolde not lye longe alone,
For fere of sodayne frayes ;
Leste her husbande dede
Wolde come to her bedde,
Thus in her mynde she sayes.
The fourthe husbande she cought,
That was lyke her nexte nought,
For he vsed his playes—

With maydens, wyues and nonnes ;
None amysse to hym commes,
 Lyke they be of layes ;
Hym she lyked yll,
She prayed the fende hym kyll,
 Bycause he vsed her wayes :
This mannes name was Harry,
He coude full clene cary,
 He loued prety gayes.
So it happened at the last
An halfepeny halter made hym fast,
 And therin he swayes ;
Than she toke great thought,
As a woman that careth nought,
 So for his soule she prayes ;
And bycause she was seke
She wedded the same weke,
 For very pure pyte and wo.
Yet or she was wedded,
Thryse had she bedded,
 And great hast made therto.
The husbände had sone ynowe,
But Emlyn bended her browe,
 And thought she had not so,
But to ease her louer
She toke another,
 That lustely coude do ;
One that yonge was,
That coude ofte her basse,
 Whiche she had fantasy to.

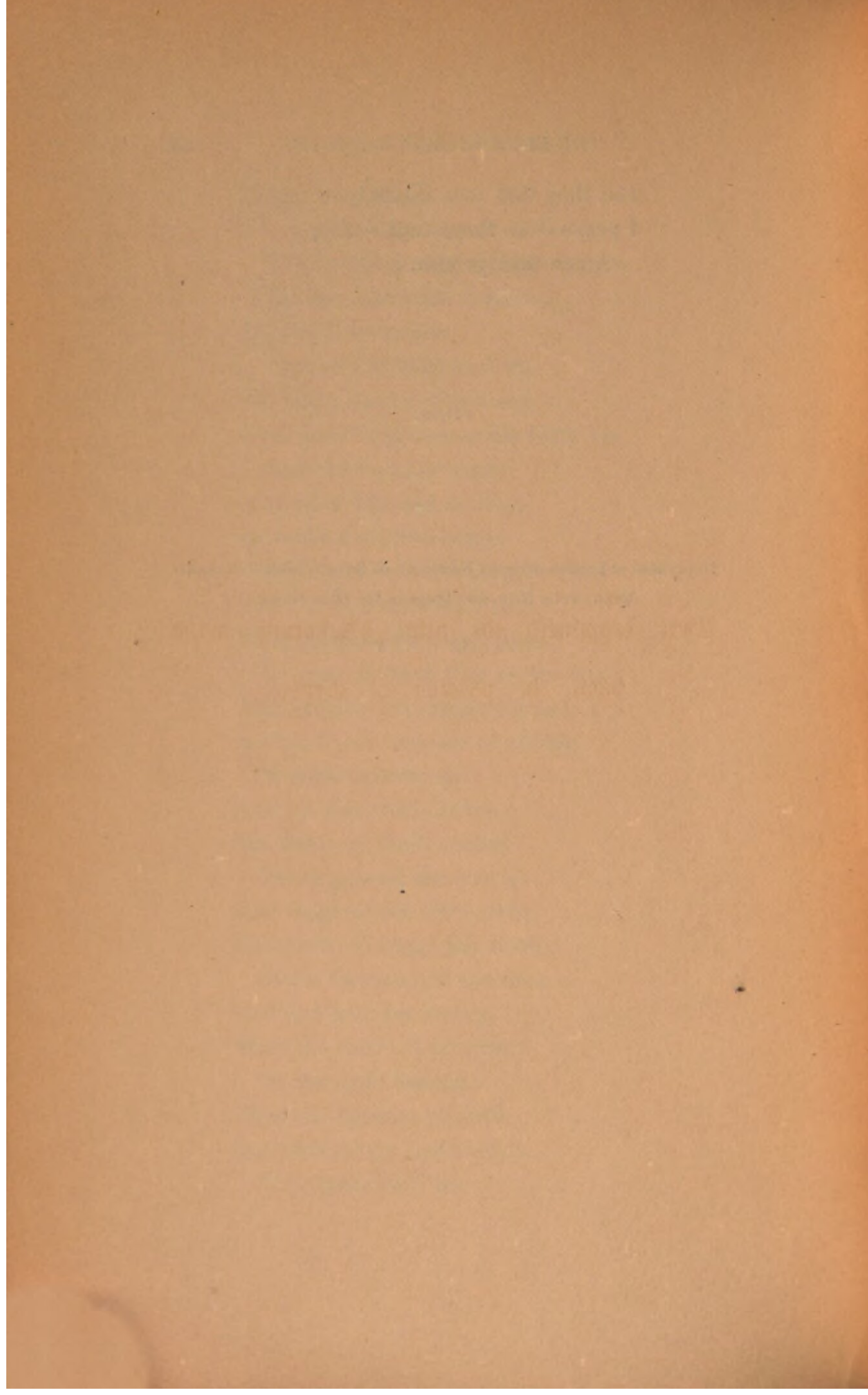
He coude well awaye,
With her lusty playe,
 And neuer wolde haue do.
Bycause he coude clepe her,
She called hym a whypper ;
 And as they were togyder
They bothe swetely played ;
A sergeaunt them afrayed,
 And sayd they were full queuer.
They were than full wo,
The frere wolde ben a go,
 He cursed that he came thyder ;
Whether they were leue or lothe,
He set them in the stockes bothe,
 He wolde none dysceyuer.
In myddes of the market
Full well was set,
 In full fayre wether,
For it dyd hayle and thonder ;
On them many men dyd wonder,
 But Emlyne laughed ever ;
She thought it but a jape,
To se men at her gape,
 Therof she shamed neuer ;
And sayd for her sportynge,
It is but for japyng,
 That we be brought hyder ;
It is nother treason nor felony,
But a knacke of company,
 And dye had I leuer

Than it forsake,
For I wyll mery make,
 Whyle youthe hathe fayre wether.
Whan her husbande it knewe
Sore dyd he it rewe,
 And was so heuy and wo,
He toke a surfet with a cup,
That made hym tourne his heels vp,
 And than was he a go.
And whan she was at large,
Care she dyde dyscharge,
 And in her mynde thought tho ;
Nowe wyll I haue my luste,
With all them that wyll juste,
 In spyte of them that saythe so :
And bycause she loued rydyng,
At the stewes was her abydyng,
 Without wordes mo ;
And all that wolde entre,
She durst on them ventre,
 Veray gentyll she was lo ;
And longe or she were dede,
She wente to begge her brede,
 Suche fortune had she tho ;
God dyd bete her surely,
With the rodde of pouerte,
 Or she dyde hens go.
Than she dyed as ye shall,
But what of her dyde befall,
 Naye there do I ho ;

But they that rede this erly or late,
I praye Jesu theyr soules take,
Amen saye ye also.

FINIS.

Imprynted at London without Newegate, in Saynt Pulker's Parysshe,
by me John Skot, dwellynge in the Olde Bayly.



Here beynneth the new Notborune mayd
bpon the passion of Cryste.

HERE BEGYNNETH THE NEW NOTBORUNE
MAYD VPON THE PASSION OF CRYSTE.

RYGHT and no wrong,
It is amonge
Yt I of man complayne,
Affyrmynge this,
Howe that it is
A laboure spent in vayne,
To loue hym well,
For neuer a dell
He wyll me loue agayne:
For though that I
Me sore applye
His fauer to attayne,
Yet yf that shrewe
To hym pursue
That clepyd is Sathan,
Hym to conuerte,
Sone from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA THE MAYDE.

I say not naye,
Bothe nyght and daye,

Swete sonne as ye haue sayde,
Man is vnkynde,
Hys faythfull mynde
In maner is halfe decayed ;
But neuer the lesse,
Through ryght wysenes
Theyrwith be not apayed ;
Yet mercy trewe
Muste contynewe,
And not aparte be layed ;
Syth ye for loue
Came frome aboue,
Frome your father in trone,
Of louynge mynde
To warde mankynde,
To dye for hym alone.

JESUS.

Than ye and I,
Mother Marye,
Let vs despute in fere ;
Ryght hertely I you supply,
Your reason lette me here.
With man vnkynde,
Hath neuer mynde,
Of me that bought hym dere ;
If his folye
Shulde haue mercy,
Ayenste all ryght it were.

I am by ryght
The kyng of lyght,
For man my blode out ranne;
Ye knowe a parte,
Yet from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Here in your wyll
For to fulfyll,
I wyll not sone refuse,
To say the truthe
More is it ruthe,
I cannot man excuse;
To his owne shame
He is to blame,
His lyfe soo to measure.
Yet though rygoure
Without fauour,
Wolde hym theyrfore accuse,
Mercy I pleate
That is more greate,
Than rygoure ten to one;
Syth of good mynde
Towarde mankynde,
Ye dyed for hym alone.

JESUS.

The cause stode so,
Suche dedes were do,

Wherfore moche harme dyde growe
To man, and I
Came for to dye,
A shamefull dethe ye knowe,
Vpon a tree,
To make hym free,
This loue I dyde hym showe ;
Yet to my lawe
For loue nor awe,
He wyll not bende nor bowe.
Thus my dere mother,
For man my brother,
Let me do what I canne,
Hym to conuerte,
Yet from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

O lorde of blysse,
Remembre this,
Howe mannes mynde is like the mone ;
Is varyable,
Frayle, and vnstable,
At morowe, nyhgt, and noone.
Though he vnkynde
Haue not in mynde,
What ye for hym haue doone ;
Yet haue compassyon,
Of our saluacyon,
Forsake not man so soone.

A whyle hym spare,
He shall prepare
Hym selfe to you anone ;
With harte and mynde,
Louynge and kynde,
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

I can beleue
He shall remeue,
His synne a daye or twayne ;
But lytell space,
That God of grace,
Wyll in his herte remayne ;
It shall aslake,
And he wyll take,
His olde vsage agayne :
So from his thought,
I that hym bought,
Shall be expoulsed playne.
Thus wyll he do,
Swete mother, loo,
Holde ye all that ye canne ;
Vpon his parte,
Yet frome his herte,
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Swete sonne, syth ye
To make hym fre,

Wold dye of your good mynde ;
Your herte souerayne,
Clouen in twayne,
By longes the blynde.
And all was done
That man alone,
Shulde not be lefte behynde ;
Your goodnes euer,
Dothe styll perseuer,
Though he haue ben vnkynde.
What is offendyd,
Shall be amended,
Ye shall persayue anone ;
He shall be kynde,
Yeldynge his mynde
And loue to you alone.

JESUS.

Matter in dede,
My sydes dyde blede
For man, ryght as ye saye,
Yet yonge and olde,
He neuer wolde
Vnto my lawes obaye.
But to fulfill
His wanton wyll,
Wrenchynge from me alway.
Frome his delyght,
By day or nyght,
He wyll make no delay :

Lo mother! he
Refuseth me,
 And tourneth hym to Sathan;
Thus from his thought,
I that hym bought,
 Am made the banysshed man.

MARIA.

Bothe olde and yonge,
He hathe done wronge,
 I graunt sone to the same;
Knowynge at large
In Sathan's barge,
 Emparynge his good name.
Syth ye hym loue,
A greate reproue
 It is to hym, and shame;
I do confesse
By ryght wysenes,
 He is greatly to blame:
But I commence
Afore clemence,
 For man myne accyon;
Let rygour reste,
Mercy can beste
 Determyn this alone.

JESUS.

Consydre nowe
Swete mother, howe

Man is a wylde outlawe ;
 Renneth a boughte
 In euery route,
 Workynge ayenst my lawe ;
 And yf the deuyll
 Tempte hym to euyll,
 Theyrto sone wyll he drawe,
 And all myschefe,
 Ys to hym lefe,
 Withouten loue or awe.
 To me or you,
 Though for his prowē
 Ye do to all ye can,
 Whan all is sought,
 Quyet frome his thought
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Though as ye say
 He disobaye
 Your commaundement and lore,
 Yet yf loue make
 Hym to forsake,
 His synne and wepe therfore ;
 With full contrycyon
 For his transgressyon,
 His herte oppressynge sore ;
 Contryte and meke,
 As Dauyd speke,
 What aske ye of hym more.

My sonne, my lorde,
Your prophyte's worde
I pray you thynke vpon,
And ye shall fynde
Man meke and kynde,
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

My herte and mawe
To rent and drawe,
And me with othes to bynde,
Cheseth not he ;
Grace or pytye,
In hym can I none fynde.
The crewell Jewes,
Were to me shrewes,
But he is more vnkynde ;
Syth for his prowte,
He knoweth well howe,
I dyde of louynge mynde.
Of me eche membre
He dothe remembre,
With othes all that he can ;
Thus ofte I fynde
Me in his mynde,
But elles a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Full well knowe ye,
Ayenst thyes thre

Man feble is to fyght,
The deuyll, his flesshe,
The worlde all fresshe,
Prouoke hym day and nyght
To sue theyr trace,
Whyche in eche case,
Is wronge and neuer ryght ;
That thyne stabyle,
Of his fragyle,
Ayenst them hath no myght.
Though man that frayle is,
Swere armes and nales,
Brane, blode, sydes, passyon ;
Swete sonne regarde,
Your paynes harde,
Ye dyded for hym alone.

JESUS.

Now for mannes nede
Sith I wolde blede,
And great anguysshe sustayne,
In stony wayes,
Both nyghtes and dayes,
Walkynge in frost and rayne,
In clode and hete,
In drye and wete,
My fete were bare both twayne ;
Though I for loue
To mannes behoue
Endured all this payne ;

That I therefore
Sholde spare the more,
No reason fynde ye can ;
Rather I sholde
More strayte hym holde,
And as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Yet my sonne dere
I pray you here,
What tyme poure reason is ;
Mannes soule to cure,
Ye dyde endure
Moche payne, I knowe well this.
To man all vayne
Shulde be your payne,
If he were put to blys ;
For playne remysson
Is my petycyon,
Where man hathe wrought amys.
Ye be his leche,
I you beseche
To saulue his sores echone,
That he vnkynde,
May chaunge his mynde,
And serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Hyther or theder,
He careth not whyther,

He go hym to enclyne
To wyckydnesse ;
From all goodnesse
He dayly dothe declyne.
In cardes and dyce,
He compteth no vyce,
Nor syttyng at the wyne ;
To fyght and swere,
To rent and tere
Asondre me and myne.
Lo thus he dothe,
To make me wrothe,
The worst he may or can ;
And I am twynde,
Out of his mynde,
Ryght as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

My dere sonne dere,
Syth ye the clere
Fountayne of mercy be,
Though man be frayle,
He may not fayle,
To fynde in you pytye.
He wyll I truste
Frome worldely lust,
Turne his swete soule to me,
And in shorte space
So stande in grace,
That I his soule shall se

To blysse assende
That hathe none ende,
There to remayne as one
That hathe ben kynde,
And set his mynde
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Man greueth me sore,
For lasse nor more,
Wyll he wons doo for me ;
Ones in a yere
A good prayer,
He sayeth not on his kne.
The poure may stande,
With empty hande,
For almes theyr wyll none be ;
Bothe day and nyght,
He flyeth the ryght,
But folye he wyll not fle.
His proper wyll,
For to fulfyll
He doeth all that he can ;
But from his thought,
I that hym bought,
Am euer a banysshed man.

MARIA.

If man for you,
Nor his owne prow,

Wyll to no grace procede ;
Mercy or grace,
A fore your face,
He none deserueth in dede.
But I your mother,
For man your brother,
Make instaunce in his nede ;
Though he deserue
To brynne and sterue
In the infernall glede ;
Spare hym for me,
And ye shall se
That he shall tourne anone
Frome his folye,
Incessantly
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Why shulde I soo,
Nay let hym go,
My dere mother Mary,
Syth his delyght
Is to be lyght,
And deale so vnkyndly,
For you nor me
He wyll not flee
From vyce ; nor hym applye
My wordes to here,
That bought hym dere,
On crosse anguyously.

Bothe yonge and olde,
He hathe ben bolde
 To greue me that he can ;
But my precept
Was euer vnkept,
 And I a banysshed man.

MARIA.

For ruthe and drede
Myne herte doth blede,
 Man in no wyse wyl be
By reason sayd,
Nor yet apayed
 From his offence to flee.
For though that I
For remedye,
 Do all that lyeth in me,
To haue hym cured,
Yet so endured
 With synne and vyce is he,
That to be shorte,
What I exhorte
 Not herde is, yet anone,
I trust he shall
Make well his thrall,
 And serue but you alone.

JESUS.

So rude and wylde,
And so defyled

Is he, past shame and drede,
 That to what lawe,
 He shulde hym drawe,
 He scarcely knoweth in dede.
 Yet better were
 For hym to lere

Some vertu, and procede
 To grace, than saye
 Another daye,

Alas, my wycked dede
 Hathe me betrayed;
 Lo thus, good mayde,

The daughter of saynte Anne;
 Man hath exylede,
 Frome hym your chylde,
 Ryght as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Whan all to all
 Shall come, he shall
 I trust from vyce abrayed;
 And flee theyrfroo,
 Whiche hathe hym so,
 Encombered and arayed.
 He shall repell,
 Sathans counsell,
 That ofte hathe hym betrayed;
 With full compounctyon
 To take thy iniunction,
 That shal be to hym layed.

Of harde penaunce ;
And hym auaunce
 To seche remysson,
Full reconsyled
To you my chylde,
 To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

My comaundement,
Neuer tontente
 His hyghnes for to alowe ;
His irous brayde
Wyll not be layed
 For me nor yet for you.
Myne yerte to teare
He hathe no feare,
 But dare it well avowe ;
Pryde with hym goeth
In herte and cloth,
 How say ye, mother, nowe ;
Hy thynketh great ease
Me to dysplease,
 By all the meanes he can ;
But whan my wyll
He shulde fulfyll,
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Sonne, though mannes blode
Be wylde and wode,

Frayle as a fadyng floure,
Regardynge nought
How ye hym bought,
Out of the fendes powre ;
With hertely mynde
Euer enclyned
To be a transgressoure
Ayenst your lawe ;
And though he drawe
Hymselfe to synne eche houre ;
Ye may not soo
His soule forgo,
Syth ye syttyng in throne,
Wolde for his loue
Come frome aboue
To dye for hym alone.

JESUS.

Mother, your loue
I se the proue
To man is kynde and true ;
To haue his lyfe
Brought out of stryfe,
Kyndely for hym ye sue.
And yf he wold
His vyces olde
Forsake, and take vertue ;
I wolde for ruthe,
Seynge the truthe
And loue that ye hym shewe,

Graunt hym remysson,
Vpon condycyon
That he forsake Sathan,
That I may fynde
Me in his mynde,
And as no banysshed man.

MARIA.

Sonne, your petye
And charytye,
Was well perceyued and sene ;
Whan your pleasure
Was to endure
To lye my sydes betwene
Nyne monethes, and than
Be borne as man,
And to brynge hym from tene ;
In graue be layed,
And me your mayd
To make of heuen quene ;
And condestende
Thus at the ende
To graunte man your pardon
At my requeste,
Wherfore shulde reste
Greate laude to you alone.

JESUS.

The poore at nede
To clothe and fede,

Parte of his rent and wage
 He muste bestowe,
 Rememberynge howe

All came of one lynage.
 Forsakyng synne
 He may me wynne ;

And to myne herytage
 I shall hym take,
 His soule to make

My spouse in mariage.
 For to perseuer
 With me for euer ;

With ioye she may say than,
 That she hathe wonne
 A kynges sonne,
 And not a banysshed man.

THE TRANSLATOR.

Regarde and se,
 O man to the
 God is moche fauorable ;
 Eschewe thou than
 Reprefe no man,
 Beware by dedes dampnable ;
 In any wyse
 Euer despyse
 Sathan the deceyuable ;
 Thy soule beware,
 Out of his snare
 Neuer be founde vnstable.

Perseuerauntly
Reason applye,
Justely let all be done ;
Endlesse solace
Shall he purchase,
That serueth but God alone.

Thus endeth the boke of the newe Notbrowne Mayd vpon the Passyon
of Cryste, imprinted at London by John Skot, dwellynge in
Foster lane within Saynt Leonardes perysshe.

HERE BEGYNNETH
A COMPLAINT
OF
A DOLOROUS LOUER
VPON SUGRED WORDES AND FAYNED
COUNTENAUNCE.

I say, in right is reason, in trust is treason ;
The loue of a woman doth last but a season.

Imprinted by Robert Wyer.

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HERE BEGYNNETH A COMPLAYNT OF
A DOLOROUS LOUER.

O, WHAT dyscomforte! O, what dueyll!
What greuaunce, O, what syghes depe,
Thus from my pleasure for to recuyll
By force of her from whens my paynes doth crepe!
To wepynge teres tourned is my slepe;
O, what rage, to loue suche a fygure!
Uoyded of pytie, replyte with rygoure.

O, what hope, what solace of suche seruyce!
O, how am I with dolour furnysshed!
O, what dyspayre, what sadnes, what dystres!
As one in bytter tourmentes garnysshed;
With paynfull thoughtes thus to be banysshed
From her that hath aboue all creatures
My herte, and shall whyle the worlde endures.

Where I haue euer ben constant and true,
Content and glad aboue all measure,
To do that thyng that myght ensure
To her delyght and dayly pleasure!
O dolorous tourment that I endure,
Thus vnkyndly to be forsaken!
Wolde God rayther deth had me taken.

O what recomforte shuld I nowe haue,
For the langoure wherin I am wrapped ;
Ha ! loue vntrue thou doest me dysceyue,
By the semblaunce that I of the receyued,
Helas ! syth I no sooner perceyued
The sodayne stroke of thy vnkyndnesse,
Which deedly dothe my herte oppresse.

Helas ! to longe haue I attended,
My greuous payne to deth hath me brought ;
And where to loue I condyscended,
Repent I cannot, though I it dere hath bought ;
My trouth and fydelyte is nowe set at nought.
Helas ! moche better had ben for me
With bestes to haue lyued that vnknownen be ;

And there to haue eten rootes and grasse grene,
And taken my rest in places dysconserte ;
And neuer with woman to haue be sene,
But so to haue lyued in places deserte,
Then had I not knowen the causor of my smerte,
Whiche lytell regardeth my loue assured,
But with vnkyndnes my paynes hath procured,

Whiche are so greuous, that causeth me dayly
To crye and call for deth moste sodayne ;
Wyllynge for her to dye more gladly
Then to haue lyfe with her dysdayne.
Nowe out of hope I do remayne,
Euer to reioyce in playe or dysporte,
But styll to endure without comforte.

So with complayntes and regretes pyteous,
Uoyded of all ioye and pleasure dylectable ;
By force wherof constrayned to do thus,
My lyfe to lede with syghes lamentable.
Thus is my grefe imcomparable,
And the remembraunce of her swete face
From my iyes maketh the teres ronne apace.

Thus do I thynke, O what dyspleasure !
What grefe, what offence haue I done ?
Helas ! what thyng shuld her procure
Thus me for to forsake so soone,
For my true herte it is small guerdone ;
O then what cause haue I for to complayne,
That for loue suche doloure doth sustayne !

O what sorowe, what syghes with lamentacyons ;
What cryes, what wepynges, and what langoure ;
What dueyll tourmented of dyuers facyons,
What rygoure, what payne, what doloure !
O false dysdayne howe myght thou endure
Thy selfe in suche a place to present,
Whereas pytie shuld haue ben resydent.

Helas ! my dayes are shortened by thee,
And by the procurement of thy rewarde ;
Wherefore I may lament incessantly
My wyttes trobled, my body sore apparde ;
The roote of my sorowe hath no regarde
To my dyscomforte and deedly payne ;
Wherefore with wo to lyue I muste be fayne.

Helas! haue I not then great wronge,
Syth my lyfe is abrydged and made shorte,
And that for her my sorowes stronge,
Whiche dayly doth to me resorte,
Is causoure of my dyscomforte?
Not consyderynge my mortall payne,
And greuous sorowes that I sustayne.

Causeles exempte from her fauoure,
Without equyte, reason, or ryght;
Helas! syth justyce hath no powre,
Trowth and fydelite leseth theyr myght.
Fayned countenaunce hath blynded my syght;
Whom I thought faythfull had ben alwayes,
With cruell dysdayne my wages payes.

Nothyng in erthe so moche dyd me please,
As to hear laude or commendacyon
Gyuen vnto her; it dyd my herte moche ease,
And also no trouble, syckenes, nor vexacyon.
Thus me to grefe was none occasyon
But her vnkyndnes, whom I supposed
Her sugred wordes had not ben glosed.

Whiche, as me seemed, was able to constrayne
The power of dethe, to withdrawe his hande;
But nowe, helas! my hope is all in vayne;
I haue it loste that shuld withstande,
That was my ioye is nowe my wande;

My scorge, my tourment, and my trauelle,
Worse to endure then the paynes of helle.

By force wherof dymmed is my syght,
My wyttes rauysshed, my lyfe is wery,
My herynge stopped, my speche hath no myght,
Thus is there nothyng can me mery,
My dessperat dolour my body wolde bery.
The longer I lyue the more is my payne,
Wherfore to dye I wolde be glad and fayne.

My hole desyre is to be alone,
That I may haue her in remembraunce,
That is the causore of my mone,
The roote and grounde of all my greuaunce ;
Helas ! nowe haue I loste my vtteraunce,
My tonge is faynt to crye or call,
My voyce is feble, with lyfe ryght small.

Constraynt of wo causeth the teres
From my iyes plentuously to dystyll,
Suche habundaunce of sorowe my herte beres,
That my tonge can not vtter theeffecte of my wyll.
My greuous herte my body doth fyll.
Thus dyenge and not dead, I do endure,
A hertles body without pleasure.

Thus adieu, farewell all ioye and pleasure ;
Adieu all companye of myrthe and dyssporte ;
Adieu all luthynge with songe or daunce,

Where in tymes past I had comforte ;
But nowe, helas ! I muste resorte
Vnto that doloure of dolours most dolorous,
The payne of paynes, then deth more greuous.

FINIS.

Imprynted by me Robert Wyer, dwellynge at the sygne of Saynt
John Euangelyst, in Saynt Martyns parysshe, beside
Charyng Crosse, in Norwyтч Rents.

CUM PRIUILEGIO REGALI.

LOUES LEPROSIE.

THE PREFACE TO THE TITLE.

The leprosie yf phisicke bin approued,
Achilles cure, because Achilles loued :
The leprosie (saith Gordon) a disease,
Which on the child as yet vnborne doth sease,
Infectious and contagious, I could proue
It is incurable, and so is loue.
Loues leprosie, according to her kinde,
Made him a leaper in a louers minde.

Imprinted at London by W. White, dwelling in Cow-lane.

1598.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR ROBERT SYDNIE,

LORD GOUVERNOUR OF FLUSHING, T.P. WISHETH ALL INCREASE
OF HONOUR, WITH THE CONTINUANCE OF HIS HOUSE
IN THAT FLORISHING ESTATE WHEREIN IT
IS NOW ESTABLISHED.

I KNOW not (right Honourable) how to excuse this insinuation of mine, in committing this vnballast barke to the maine of your protection, considering that euerie little riuer hath water enough to beare it from the ground; yet if the ozean rage not (as in disdayne to support so weake a vessell) I may accomplish the period of my desires, and by this voiage learne to correct my compasse; if otherwise, this barke, conteyning all my fortunes, suffers vntimely shipwracke, and I banquerout of my hopes:

At tua supplicibus domus est assueta iuvandis,
In quorum numero me precor esse velis.

There is a sea interventing the hauen Aulis, of Beotia and Eubœa, called Euripus, which flowes with such violence, that it preuayles against the windes in maynteining full sayles displayed ex aduerso: the same sea (right honorable) a true

idæa, resembles the loue wherewith you imbrace
the muses sonnes in rescuing from the Phocian
Pyreneus the Pyerian queristers, whom headstrong
lust seekes to dishonour ; I present to your Lordshyppe
the lucklesse loues of Achilles, which if they may
but gaine a gracious view in your iudiciall discretion,
you shall buy my labours at a high rate, and I thinke
my selfe therewith bountifully rewarded.

Your Lordshippes officious in all dueties of humilitie.

THO. POWELL.

LECTORI.

TWAS Dedelus that enuied at the boy
Drencht in the sea, for making of a toy :

Little glory did he winne,

Enuie is a mickle sinne.

Tis he, and none but he I feare,

Loath to buy my toy so deare.

When Apollo shineth bright,

Lesser starres shall loose their light.

Wonder not when day is ended,

Though our glimmering be extended.

If I borrow from the Sunne,

And restore not, day once done,

May this starre that's so impaled,

Like a meteor be exhaled ;

That with his prodigious breath,

Doth infect vnto the death.

Cast me not headlong from Parnassus hill,

Although my work be wanting to my will.

Gentle reader yours to vse,

If propitiate with his muse.

T. P.

JAMES HARMAN IN COMMENDATIONS OF
THE AUTHOR.

I CAN but muse to see thy timerous muse,
Of Enuies hidden sting to stand in awe :
What though th' Athinian carpenter did bruse
The forward youth, foyboasting of his saw :
Enuie will turne to loue, and loue to liking,
Such influence abideth in thy wryghting.

Let but the gentle reader read thy yeares,
Thy cygnet for a swanne he will allow ;
For by Achilles loues it well appeares,
Thee with hir treasure Pallas did indow.
Let this suffice for all, thou mayst be bolde,
So young a head neare wrote a verse so olde.

Cum tonat ocyus ilex
Sulphure discuitur sacro quam tuque domusque.

LOUES LEPROSIE.

TROY lost hir souldier, Priam lost a sonne,
 Troye's hopes were past, and Priam's triumphes donne.
 The Phrygian dames, those sad Illyades,
 Earth spherifying lyghtes, heauen's Pleiades,
 Do fret the pauement of his brasen tombe
 With teares, whose currants from their eylids runne,
 With teares in stead of flowers they strew the way,
 Such sollemne rites beseeme so blacke a day;
 With teares they wash his woundes, and then againe,
 Lament with teares their brother Hector slaine.
 Euen at these exequies amongst the rest,
 Was Peleus issue an vnwelcome guest.
 He noates their sorrow, and each seuerall passion,
 Affrighting Nemesis with inuocation
 Polyæna sendes foorth from trembling brest.
 Yee Gods in whom Troy holdes her interest
 Be iust vpon Achilles for this deede,
 Who first begirt me with a mourning weede:
 At this incenst, to heare such imprecation,
 As to^e his owne soule had so neare relation,
 His blood grows proud, and makes his brow the land
 Which he tryfallowes like caractered sand.

Thus he replyes in language mixt with gall,
That but for honour of the capitall,
And of that truce whereto they were coniured,
By Hector's blood, which had the earth manured,
And all the soules which by vntimely fate
His sword had sent to hell before their date ;
That tongue from whom such ranckor had his course,
Should begge for life and yet finde no remorse ;
But sacrificious at her brother's shrine,
Besprinkling it with blood, her soule refine.
These wordes he vsed, and vsing them came neare,
So nigh that faire Polyxene did appeare :
Our Mermaidonian captaine all amazed,
Stone still he standes, and standing still he gazed :
His eyes were dimde, the obiect was so bright,
Such is the force of beautie, such her might ;
His heart an anuill to a tragicke theame,
Where death began to forge a stratageme,
Will not endure while furie strikes a heate,
But at the first allarums sounds retreate.
His handes extended like that furious knight,
Who thought the Græcian fleet might proue his right,
Or as him selfe, when as his second selfe,
Breathed foorth his soule, diuorst from life and death.
Euen now, as then for his Patroclus sake,
Now did I say, euen now I mistake :
O now they plead as oracles of grace,
They menace none, for loue hath changed the case ;
A change to see his knee to offer duetie,
The foote whereof spurnes at all changing beautie.

Achilles loues Polyxene : What is shee ?
The lyuing daughter of hisemie.
How shall he woe her, that hath wed another ?
How shall he winne her, that hath slaine her brother ?
His trophees and his triumphes she doth hate ;
In Hector's death his vallor liued too late ;
Liue blest in this, that thou art Orpheus brother :
Hee none of thine, nor Thetis is his mother.
Hee in Castalian, therein didst thou bath,
And thou in Stygian, so he neuer hath :
Minion to Mars, and champion to the Nine :
O that our age could elbow that of thine.
But widow shee hath lost Achilles mate,
Sydney whose breathing fame admits no date.
O but for him I neuer should abyde,
But tell the Achademicks lowde he lyde,
Who mid those holosome hearbes which he did cherish
Suffered Metemsacosin so to florish.
In him Achilles wandring soule did rest,
Who like an eagle could not buyld her nest,
Till she had found him out ; but full of paine,
Seekes her Echytes els-where all in vaine.
With finding him, my muse hath lost her selfe,
Come backe ; for natures banquerout of her wealth,
The phœnix burnes, would teares might quench the
flame ;
Andromache calls on dead Hectors name ;
Though he be dead, his honors euer liue,
My infant penne shall him his tribute giue ;
And when this cygnet hath a whiter hew,
Shee vowes to swimme or sinke in open view :

Achilles wooes her loue, is full of woe,
Polyxen yeeldes, but Hecuba sayes noe.
Alas that loue the sonne, and loue the mother,
By opposition should aduerse each other ;
Shee doth accuse him as degenerate,
Whose birth a goddesse did contaminate :
Hee sweares shee is vnkinde of woman kinde,
Predominance stuffes her ambitious minde.
Both striue to soueraignize, both emulate,
Such ciuill warre the weale doth dissipate.
O I should deeme them, but for their descents,
Two of the foure substantiall elements:
Those two I meane, whose contrarietie,
Seekes to expell by their aduersitie.
Hence is't Polyxen loues and loathes together,
Much like the vaine that's guyded by the weather :
This is the influence of loue the mother,
And loue the sonne, efficient of the other.
Once more, and reprehende not for digression,
A womans minde is fit for each impression :
Hippocrates electuarie wyse
Attributes it to weaknesse in their eyes ;
Induce mee to subscribe he neuer can,
For euery female will outface a man,
And sinke him in the center of her eye,
Drentcht with the sourses of immodestye.
Olde Hecuba, well learned in their sex,
Instructes her daughter in this diuelish text ;
Hate occupie the center of thy hart,
Varnish with loue the superficiall part,

That when Achilles hopes to croppe a flower,
The hidden snake may haue him in her power.
The dryft is this, Achilles being slayne,
The Græcian trophees will decline and wayne :
Loue him as rangers vse to loue their deare,
That being fat, they fall at time of yeere.
The Lecturis was diligent to reed,
The pupill as attentiuē giues good heed :
The Græcian at the first encounter faylde,
Albeit, his second orasons preuaylde.
Maydes at the first, feare to be counted light,
And therefore vse their noe but as a slight :
Yet yf she loue, preuenting nay at thrice,
For feare shee loose her pray, cryes yea at twice.
Egiptus sonne whom Danaa takes to wyfe,
Feeles ere he sees his throate to kisse the knyfe :
Euen so our louer, fearing no infection,
Tastes by the tongue, but tryes not by digestion.
And now he strikes a higher noate in loue,
Than earst when baser stringes did onely moue ;
Am I loues thrall, (quoth he) and must I yeelde
To her the honors which I wonne in feelde ?
Loe Cytherea, at thy sacred shryne
My conquestes I do willingly resigne ;
Where loue's the goale, and beautie giueth ayme,
Ile proue an archer, though I loose the gayme.
Some of my shaftes are spent, nor will I spare,
But other shaftes shell proforate the ayre :
When all are gone heauens archer shall supplie,
By him ile calculate loues destenie,

Joynd with the most propitiate of the seauen,
Dart forth cœlestiall influence from heauen.
For this dayes deede O chide mee not to morrow,
Tis not of Maurus that I begge or borrow :
If I do so let Fuseus loose his right,
And yet tis farre to reach vnto the whight.
His heauie quiuer and my hart of lead,
Will make the crasie sicke, the sick-men dead.
The destenies were neuer yet my saintes,
At fortunes shrine I breath not forth my plaintes.
How much I scorne to borrow Maurus' bow,
Heauens constellations may confirme and show ;
I will commaund them all ; yf they refuse,
The pledge of wisdome shall be my excuse.
If Sagitarius throw me from a farre,
Foure spheres remote to Phœbus thirling carre,
And he suppose it be disparagement,
To giue a heauen wrackt soule some intertainment,
Like to a fire I'll sit vpon the maynes
Of his vnmanaged jades, and burne their raynes :
Then will I take my goddess by the hand,
Whose awfull scepter guydeth Paphos land.
How I am wronged shee shall informe her sonne,
And he shall helpe when all my hopes are done.
If Cupid fauour not, then will I prooue
Apostate vnto the god of love.
Nay more, a cynick like Diogenes,
Misanthropos and a Misogones :
This resolution did proceede from loue,
In whose thought flying orb his soule did mooue :

The day he spendes in studie how to gaine her,
His studie nothing els but to obtaine her :
Obseruing this a motiue in their kinde,
High prayses humor best a woman's minde.
And this mooues him to proue practitioner ;
Solicite loue pleas Cupid's barrister.
Polyxenes poet in his mistres prayse,
Thus gins to volley foorth his amorous layes.
Thou wretchles father of a wretched sonne,
Sire to that dismounted Phaeton :
Giue raynes vnto those fierie steedes of thine,
That tread the path of the signiferous lyne.
Faire sunne that seest each mother's sonne on earth,
Cynthius by loue, Latoides by thy birth :
Proude for the one, promoted for the other,
Vowde to thy loue, deuoted to thy mother.
Eye of all seeing heauens, earthes lyfe, worldes light,
Whose presence makes the day, and absence night :
Performe the reuolution of swift time,
According to these faire demaundes of mine.
Poynt at that time, that wished time, and say,
Loe ! this of many a selected day
Wherein thy loue yeeldes her consenting voyce,
Of thee (would God of mee) to make her choyce.
Knowst thou, earth animating lyght, my saint ?
The fountaine of my griefe, and hartes complaint ?
If not, attende the whilst I shall thee show,
How thou my loue from others loues mayst know.
O shee is fayrer then the louely boy,
Who by his death bereft Hyperions ioy.

Had this Diana naked in the spring,
By any forrester bin euer seene,
He could not haue the power to runne away ;
But there inchaunted, at the gaze to stay.
Nor neede she call the Nymphes to reach her boe,
The sight had rauisht and bewitcht him soe.
Her voyce the ground of winged Hermes sweete,
Wherewith Lucinae's watchman fell a sleepe :
Her handes, yf Joue perceiue they seeme to craue,
She need not speake, Joue graunts what she would haue.
The margent is so fayre to gaze vpon,
That he shall surfet yf he gaze too long.
Her armes Heavens continent, the way so bright,
Reflecting Cynthias rayes seemes lacteall whight.
Once more the more for to decipher her,
Shees like thy selfe, O none so like faire starre.
The beautie thy disheuered lockes contayne,
Doth in the tramels of her hayre remayne.
As wee eye thee (all obiectes set apart)
So shee hath power to draw both eyes and hart.
If any penne distinguish twixt the Gods
And fayre Polyxen, I allow him ods :
Mainteine, there is no difference but this ;
That they in Heauen, shee on the center is.
By him her prayses haue eternitie,
And shee layes naked his mortallitie.
True loue's a saint, so shall you true loue know :
False loue a Schythian, yet a saint in show.
When many elegies of loue were done,
Polyxens hand, but not her hart he wonne :

On this condition, that his sword and shield
Should neuer be aduanst in Teucrian field ;
And euery Mermaidon whom he controlde,
The same with him inuiolate to holde.
By this the dayes of truce did take an ende,
And heere begins the practize they intende.
A second leader to the forebred fight
Was instigated, Troilus behight :
He knowes Achilles sleepes within his tent,
His loynes vngirded, and his bowe vn timer.
He there, the Troian gallant playes his pranks,
Passes confronted pykes and breakes their rankes.
The Græcians flye, their captaynes being slayne,
Our younger sonne to Mars pursues amayne :
Makes pauement of their trunkes, and where he rides,
The hollow hoofe checkquered in blood abides,
Leauing the print behinde, as who should say,
Be witnesse that the Troian rode this way :
Achilles doth beholde by loue restraynde,
He feares to be orebolde, but restes contaynde,
With execration that he did consent,
By solemne oath vnto this darke intent ;
Their instrumentes of warre keepe times accord,
The Spartan king, before Antenors sword
Flyes, in such danger of recouerie,
He wisht nighte's mantell were his sanctuarie.
His foe growes insolent, made proude with pray,
And conquest must her vtmost duetie pay.
Achilles is not tyde vnto the mast,
The Acheloydes singe, and he in hast

Leapes from his cabbin. O 'twere treble wrong
That he impatient should abstayne so long ;
Well mounted and well met they ioyne togeather
Like flowdes whose rushing cause tempestuous
weather :

And now their clattering shildes resemble thunder;
The fire a lightning when the cloudes do sunder:
Long did it thunder ere the heauens were bright,
So long that when it cleered the day was night :
A night perpetuall vnto Priams sonne ;
His horse was slaine, the day was lost and won,
And heere each one might heare windes whispering
sound,

When earst the drums their senses did confound ;
Troilus dethes chiefe conquest from the felde,
Wrapt in their colours, couered with his shielde,
They carry him to make the number more,
Whose bleeding sydes Achilles speare did gore.
O had he not bin ouer insolent,
Achilles speare had rested in his tent :
But his prouoking pride did seeme to braue
The brauest souldier in the ayre concaue.
This is the onely price that vallour yeeldes,
Thy soule shall finde his rest in Martiall fieldes.
The second league for dayes they doe proclaime,
And now Achilles visites his faire dame.
Ill fare that outward faire that's inward foule,
An angels face wed to Proserpine's soule :
If diuels in dietie thus masked bin,
The man thats so bewicht doth no whit sin.

Thus pleades the subiect of my weeping muse,
For his fond loues alleadging this excuse.
If hee complayne on Loue, shee heares his plaintes
With delinition, and because he faintes
Shee doth reuiue him, brooking no delay,
With assignation of a wedding day.
Foorthwith a marriage twixt them was concluded:
Alas, that true loue should be so deluded.
The sunne is rose, sees Thetis sonne to fall
Vnder this false pretended nuptiall.
The Delphick oracle is now fulfild,
Eare Troy be wonne, Achilles must be kilde.
This is the day wherein they surfet all,
With blood of his who made the Troians thrall;
And this the day wherein he did appease
Vnquiet soules, which earst could find no ease.
This day was nyght to him, and day to those
By whom vntimely death did heere repose.
His liues familliar starre doth shoote and fall,
The fairest starre the heauens weare gracte withall.
Euen when his steppes salute the temple porch
With hymmes, and Hymænus burning torch,
A shaft from Paris hand did soone disclose
Where Styx had kist him, and how high it rose.
Where the Stygian flood did neuer reach,
Deathes winged messenger did make a breach:
Whence from each veine the sacred breath descending,
Polyxens ioyes began, and his had ending.

ELÆGIA.

OF all the Gods aboue
 I did honour loue,
 Loue his dietie ;
 Nothing might me mooue,
 For I did approue
 Loue his pietie.
 I did loue,
 He did proue
 Nothing myght my loue remoue.
 He did proue
 I did loue,
 Witnesse this the Gods aboue.

He did not respect mee,
 But he did reiect mee
 In his royaltie ;
 He did not affect mee,
 But he did suspect mee
 Of disloyaltie :
 No respect
 Did reiect
 Mee in this his royaltie ;
 No affect
 Did suspect
 Mee for no disloyaltie.

I the fielde did leaue,
And mine armes bequeath
 To the loue queene.
To my brow did cleaue
Venus myrtill wreath ;
 There was loue seene.
 I did leaue
 And bequeath,
Myne armour for a myrtill wreath ;
 Myrtle wreathe
 Purchast leaue,
To my temples fast to cleaue.

The boy that was so blinde,
Showed himselfe vnkinde
 To mine amours :
Playning to the winde
I no ease coulde finde
 To my clamours.
 He was blinde
 And vnkynde,
So vnconstant was his minde,
 As the winde,
 So vnkinde,
Ease for loue I could not finde.

Now I doe repent mee,
Now I do lament mee,
 But alas ! too late.

Gentle hart relent thee,
Though thou must content thee
With thy froward fate.
Hart content thee,
Hart relent thee,
Since Polyxen was vntrue,
I lament mee,
And repent mee ;
Loue and women both adew.

Tam Veneri quam Marti, mortuus Achilles.

THE END.

Rimbault, Edward F., 1816-1876

Ancient poetical tracts of the sixteenth century reprinted from unique
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